National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

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CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The Attack of Jackson and the Resistance of the Eleventh Corps.

IN LINE OF BATTLE.

The Eleventh Corps and Its Status at that Time in the Army of the Potomac.

BLIND PREJUDICE.

The Truth About the Foreign Element and What an Inspection of the Corps Revealed.

BY AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND HISTORIAN OF THE ELEVENTH CORPS, BANGOR, ME.

II.

THE position of the Federal army at Chancellorsville on Saturday morning was as follows: The Fifth Corps was strongly intrenched along a line extending southerly from the Rappahannock River to the White House, a distance of more than two miles, and facing to the east. The Second Corps was in position extending southerly and easterly from near the White House to a point on the turnpike about three-quarters of a mile east of the Chancellor House. The Twelfth Corps was intrenched about one-third of a mile south of Chancellor's, connecting on the left with the Second Corps and on the right with Birney's Division, of the Third Corps, which occupied earthworks at the edge of the woods on the north side of the Hazel farm, and connecting on its right with the Eleventh Corps at Doudal Tavern.

In the rear of Birney, Williams's Division, of the Twelfth Corps, was stationed behind strong log works half a mile in length, and extending diagonally from the Hazel Grove ravine northerly to the Plank road, and entirely in the woods. Berry's and Whipple's Divisions, of the Third Corps, were both bivouacked in rear of the Chancellor House.

A mile to the northwest of the Chancellor House, on the Ely Ford road, was stationed the division of Regulars under Sykes.

GEN. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The Eleventh Corps formed the extreme right of the army and occupied the line extending from Doudal's to more than half a mile beyond Talley's, and covering a distance of more than a mile, facing south, parallel with the turnpike.

In front of the Fifth Corps, at this time, were the 3d and 4th Va. Cav., picketing the paths and roads, and having as supports a small force of infantry stationed on the south side of Mott's Run, more than a mile distant from the Federal lines. In front of the Second and Twelfth Corps, and chiefly along the turnpike and the Plank road, Anderson's and McLaw's Divisions, with artillery, were deployed in a manner to exaggerate their actual strength as much as possible.

Adj't-Gen. Taylor, of Lee's army, gives this strength as less than 14,000 men, but there is reason to believe that it was somewhat larger and not far from 17,000 men. All the rest of the rebel army were then moving rapidly with Jackson to the west of Doudal's, with the intention of getting possession of the roads leading to the Ely and United States roads, on the rear and flank of the Federal army, then concentrated on the Chancellor fields and acting on the defensive.

And it was the intention of Lee to attack the Federal army in front of him with Anderson's and McLaws's Divisions as soon as he heard the sound of Jackson's guns in the Federal rear, and crush the disordered columns of the Federal army between them. These were the instructions given to Jackson before his departure, but fortunately for Sickles's forces, stretched out along the Furnace road, Lee did not hear Jackson's guns at all, owing to the peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

After Hooker returned to his Headquarters from his inspection of the line of the Eleventh Corps, accompanied by many of his staff, on Saturday morning, and on being informed by Sickles that a movement of troops was passing his front toward his flank, he issued the 9:30 order directed to both Howard and Slocum:

I am directed by the Major-General commanding to say that the disposition you have made of your corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the positions you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves well in hand to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defenses worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears a scarcity of troops at that point, and not in the General's opinion as favorably posted as might be. We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right. Please advance your pickets for purposes of observation as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach. VAN ALEN.

This explicit and important order was received at the Eleventh Corps Headquarters by Gen. Schurz, who had assumed command while Gen. Howard was resting from fatigue in the tavern. The order was opened by Schurz and by him read to the commander of the corps, and with him discussed. Schurz was then in favor of withdrawing Devens's Division and part of his own from the Talley and Hawkins farms and the woods beyond, which he regarded as faulty and untenable in case of attack from the direction of the pike on the west, and placing them in position on a line extending from the junction of the Plank and Pike roads, directly north, past the front of the little church along the eastern edge of the little stream known as Hunting's Run, facing directly to the west. This new position would have afforded some opportunity for Devens's Division to have made a better defense and given the artillery a chance to have commanded both roads and swept with a broad fire the fields of the Hawkins farm, where the left of Jackson's force debouched in such strong force.

A casual glance at the map, showing the positions of the troops at this time, will explain to the observer the strength of the proposed position far better than any description by means of words. The commander of the corps, however, saw no need of any change and none was made of any moment, save the changing of front of some of the regiments on the Hawkins farm, which was done by Schurz of his own volition. If anything else was done in accordance with this direct order it does not appear clear to the investigator. The sending of two companies of the 33d Mass. a mile to the north of Doudal's to picket the site of the old mill on a path to the Ely Ford and the construction in the forenoon of the shallow rifle-pits on the Doudal farm facing west, may have been done and accounted for in the message sent to Hooker, as alleged, at 11 a. m., stating: "I am taking measures to resist an attack on the right."

On the exposed flank which Devens occupied there seems to have been nothing done whatever, and the defenses there hardly merited the name of rifle-pits or earthworks, and were trivial compared to those made by the Second, Third, Fifth and Twelfth Corps, remains of which are visible to-day. In fact, there were no rifle-pits in front of Von Gilsa's men, nothing but the slight protection afforded by the slashing of trees forming a slight abatis. To whose neglect this defect in the means of protection is due is not very clear, but Warren and Comstock were the Engineers in charge of all defenses, and Warren had been told of the movements of Jackson's men after the

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

capture of the 23d Ga. by the Berdan Sharpshooters.

It is in evidence that the West Point officers did not believe that the enemy could march in force through the thickets on the right flank. However, the Federal army soon found to their discomfiture that the rebels could march through the woods in two lines of battle, with a front of two miles, and in sufficient form to attack promptly.

The Eleventh Corps at this time was formed of a large part of the forces that had previously served under Fremont and Sigel in Western Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley, and known as the Mountain Department, or later as the First Corps of Virginia.

The veteran part of it had been engaged in contests in Western Virginia, in the Shenandoah, and in those of the campaign under Pope, ending at the second battle of Bull Run. It arrived at Fredericksburg too late to take part in that assault, and went into Winter quarters at Stafford Courthouse under the command of Sigel.

At this time the corps consisted of 27 regiments of infantry and six batteries.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Sixteen of these regiments were veteran and the other 11 were new. We will review briefly the composition of this corps, and see whether it was entitled to any confidence whatever by its new associates in the Army of the Potomac; and also whether the contemptuous expressions of worthlessness, so freely bestowed upon it, were properly founded.

When the corps joined the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, it certainly did not meet with that cordial welcome which it expected, and was clearly entitled to. On the contrary, there is abundant testimony to show the existence of a strong dislike and distrust, which was undeserved. It was spoken of as the foreign contingent, and hardly worthy of marching in line with the veterans of the old army.

The historian of the Second Corps plainly stated the facts when he wrote that "a feeling of contempt, doubtless undeserved, had been generally entertained by the older Corps of the Army of the Potomac toward the Eleventh Corps ever since it came up in the rear after Fredericksburg. To 'fight mit Sigel' had so long been a current jest and proverb that the troops were hardly disposed to do justice to the many excellent regiments which were incorporated in this command." He also intimates that the corps had not taken any part in any hard fighting, such as the Army of the Potomac had seen on the Peninsula; yet if he had looked over the returns of the battle of the second Bull Run, he would have seen that the body of men which afterwards formed the Eleventh Corps did see some hard fighting, and fully as severe as the Second Corps saw at the battle of Fair Oaks, or in the Seven Days' battles about Richmond; and if mortality is evidence, they saw harder fighting than did the Second Corps at these times.

There is abundant evidence to show the existence of a feeling of hostility through the army against the Eleventh Corps, and with no more foundation than that Gen. Walker has mentioned.

Hooker was strongly urged to break up the corps after the battle and humiliate it further by destroying its organizations, and it was admitted before Congress that it was largely due to the high price of gold and the fear of its effects upon the anticipated draft which prevented him from doing it. There is certainly reason to believe that there was a deliberate conspiracy to foist the errors of the battle upon the Eleventh Corps, and the statements of Hooker, Sickles, Warren, and Birney furnish sufficient proof of the intent. Those who were the most implicated in the wild-goose chase below the Furnace, and who are the authors of the misfortunes of the army, are the loudest in abuse and foulest in falsehood.

The origin of this unjust feeling and the fostering care which sustained it is still involved in some doubt. But it is certain that the Chief of Staff of our armies—whom Lincoln declared to be utterly destitute of friends—had a mortal aversion of all foreigners desiring to serve in our armies. How far this disposition at the War Department affected the well-being and the efficiency of the Eleventh Corps may not soon be determined, but it will not be forgotten that all supplications of the officers of the corps to speak in their defense after the battle of Chancellorsville were sternly refused.

It is often asked why the investigation concerning the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville has been so long delayed, when so many of its members and accusers are dead. The reasons are ample and proper. The evidence has not long been accessible to the public, and until it could be collated and examined no one wished to encounter the storm of abuse which has greeted those who have attempted or desired to say a word of explanation or extenuation for the unfortunate corps.

There were other bodies of excellent troops beside the Eleventh Corps in our armies who were made scape-goats and objects of undeserved derision, and who remained under ban for a long time before the truth became known. For 20 years the excellent division of Gen. Prentiss was overwhelmed with disgrace for neglect of duty at the battle of Shiloh, but in 1883 Gen. Prentiss branded the statements as false and unjust, and proved them to be so by ample documentary proof.

Gen. Lew Wallace, who was under reproach for neglect of duty at the same battle, proved at a public meeting at Tipton, in Indiana, in 1883, that he acted from first to last by direction of Gen. Grant, and that when he was ordered to march it was then too late. The Republic has become too great and too magnanimous to allow gross errors to remain inscribed on its archives to aggrandize a few guilty and incompetent officers by the unjust treatment of many thousand worthy soldiers.

In this country the officer has no more claim for immunity than the soldier who implicitly obeys him, and the volunteers of 1861 and 1862 who left their workshops, their schools, and their homes to defend the distressed Republic for a trifling pittance, and did their duty, or attempted to do their duty, to the best of their ability, are certainly entitled to the protection and the thanks of this Government and to the respect and sympathy of their fellow-soldiers. In fact, the flag at this period of time covers alike all its volunteer defenders, whether Jew or Gentile, or whether descendant of the Mayflower or of the followers of William Penn.

The German troops of this corps, or what were classed as Germans, were largely composed of the veterans who offered their services at the commencement of the war, and after the first Bull Run—where they stood firm—had been consolidated with German organizations, and under Blenker sent into Western Virginia, where they reported to Fremont.

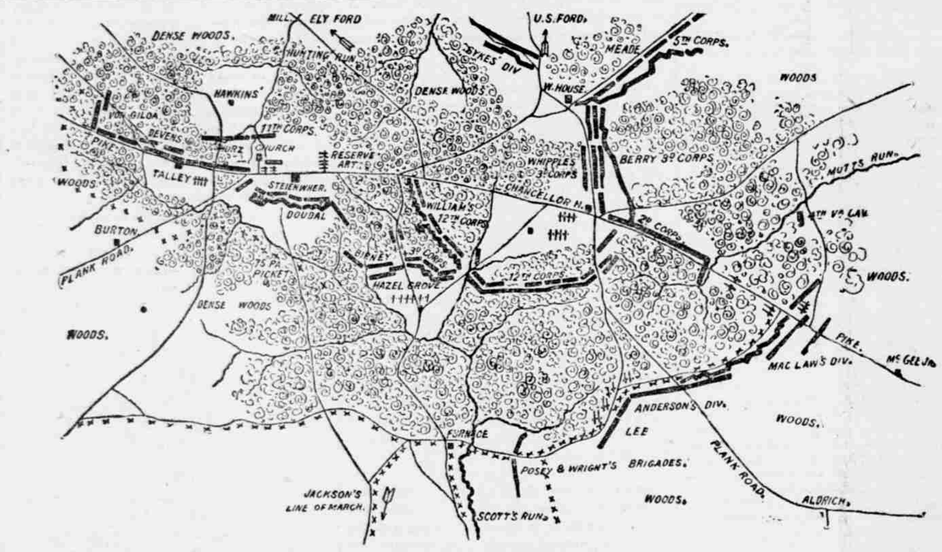
Not long after their arrival, Fremont ordered a close inspection of their condition, in consequence of their complaints of destitution and neglect. The Inspector, somewhat biased against the composition of the division, found to his surprise an admirable body of men, many if not most of them American citizens by adoption or birth, well instructed as soldiers, and officered with men of ability, some of whom were officers of distinction, and who had seen service in foreign wars and in the Mexican war. The forlorn and neglected condition of the men was plainly apparent to the Inspector.

The men who had left their families and their occupations to serve the country for the paltry sum of $11 or $13 a month were certainly deserving of the best treatment from the authorities at Washington, and this they evidently had not received. Rosecrans, while on his way to the Army of the Cumberland, led this division from the Shenandoah over the mountains to Fremont, and was much disturbed at the neglect shown to it by the officials at Washington, and sharply questioned Stahel about the want of shoes and other things which his brigade required.

Stahel assured him of his frequent requisitions in behalf of his men, and the ignoring of them by the officials in charge, which the Inspector afterward found to be true. The Inspector found the division destitute of many things required for the comfort of the soldier, and that requisitions made for these wants were not honored or were not promptly filled. The men justly complained of their treatment, and also of the abuse bestowed upon them during their march across the Shenandoah Valley, for alleged acts of pillage on the way.

From what the Inspector saw, he was of the opinion that the stories had been overestimated, and he has since thought that the Second Corps put in the breastworks at North Anna more valuables in the shape of pianos, scientific apparatus, and choice furniture than Blenker's Division stole or destroyed during their march over the mountains to northern Virginia. Their booty and destruction, even as exaggerated, was infinitesimal as compared to that of the Army of the Potomac at the capture of Fredericksburg.

(To be continued.)



EXPLANATION OF MAP No. 1.

Position of Federal army on Saturday morning, May 2.
Jacksons forces marching westward on several roads and paths.

A NOBLE ATONEMENT.

A Romance of Love and Mystery in the Mother Country.

A WELCOME STRANGER.

Love at First Sight Among the Lakes of Switzerland.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

Kitty Learns the Story of a Terrible Crime.

BY SOPHIE RADFORD DE MEISSNER.

Written especially for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

I.

IT was 22 years ago last Summer that the first act of the one drama with which my rather prosaic life has in any way been connected, took place. Twenty-two years ago—and yet that scene is before me now as though it had passed but yesterday:

The stern beauty of the great hills by which we were surrounded—the blue, blue waters of the Lake of the Four Cantons lying at their feet; and close at hand, on the deck of the little steamer, a tall, distingue looking man with dark, pointed beard and mustachios, and eyes serious almost to sadness, who was bowing gravely as Harry—my brother Harry, who stood beside him—was saying in his frank, boyish voice:

"Mother, let me present Count Saint Armand. Count, my cousin, Miss Temple, and"—in that off-hand style peculiar to bothers—"my sister Kitty."

"Miss Winchester," I corrected, with all the offended dignity of 17 years. But I might have spared myself the trouble, for any notice the stranger took of me; and, indeed, what person in their senses would have looked twice at my towzle of yellow hair and china-blue eyes, when Margaret—beautiful Margaret—was standing by.

She was looking unusually well, too—even for her—that day.

The gray cloth traveling-dress fitted to perfection her faultless figure, and on her jet-black hair, which, despite the curls and puffs of the period, she wore simply coiled about her graceful head, rested a stylish cap of cloth to match the gown, whose visor cast a still deeper shade into those dark-gray eyes of hers—eyes whose intensity of expression I have never yet seen equaled.

Over her complexion, which was of that peculiar type the French call *mat*, there had spread the faintest, loveliest glow, the nearest approach to color it ever attained, and which in those far-off days would nearly drive me to despair, as, after any unwonted exertion, I would catch sight in some mirror of my own flaming countenance.

Mother—dear mother, she is as bright and cheery now, despite her 70 years and snow-white curls, as was she in that well-remembered time—bowed in her sweet and gentle manner, saying that any friend of her boy's could not but be welcome; while Margaret gave merely a stately little nod in reply to Count Saint Armand's rather hesitating assurance that he "should never have dared intrude upon us had not his friend Henri informed him he would be welcome." And yet, for all his contrite speech, there was that in his look which would have made me willing to wager he would have dared a great deal for the pleasure of making my fair cousin's acquaintance.

"I have to thank you very much, Count,"—it was mother who was speaking—"for your many kindnesses to my son since he has been following his art studies in Paris. He has spoken of you so often in his letters that it is really a delightful surprise our meeting you here."

"It was my dear old friend, la Marquise de Flavelles, who made me acquainted with your son, Madame, and any small attention I may have been able to show him is more than repaid by the pleasure he affords me now."

Though he bowed in a deferential manner toward mother as he spoke, I saw—though she did not—the quick side glance in Margaret's direction with which these words were accompanied.

"Oh, of course! I had quite forgotten you must know Madame de Flavelles! She is my niece's great-aunt, and we have promised to be at her place in Touraine by the 1st of September."

"Ah!" And no words can give any idea of all the meaning that little interjection contained. Then, as a deeper flush overspread his dark face, he continued:

"To be sure! How dull of me not at once to have guessed as much! But it was all so long ago, and I have been such a wanderer ever since! She died—Marguerite, Mrs. Temple—shortly after her marriage, did she not?"

These last words were spoken low and very rapidly, and the answer came in the same guarded tone: "When her daughter was born! The child has really been under my care ever since, though her father—who was my brother—died but two years ago. Indeed, she is as dear to me as though she were my very own."

There was a suspicion of tears in these last words, and as she uttered them, mother—by whose side an overweening curiosity had kept me—turned a loving glance upon my cousin, who certainly made a pretty picture as she stood there a short distance from us, with one daintily-gloved hand resting lightly on the rail beside her and her eyes fixed, with a dreamy, troubled look in them, on the distant hights of Mount Pilatus.

Just at that moment, as though attracted by our gaze, she turned, saying with a slightly-nervous shudder: "How bleak and forbidding that mountain looks! It always has a most depressing effect upon me; and yet it gives so weird a charm to this part of the lake one could not wish it other than it is."

"It is probably that very weird look that has given rise to the curious superstition concerning it." And moving to Margaret's side, Saint Armand continued, "I suppose, Mademoiselle, you have heard the old legend, have you not? No? Yet it is one of the best known of the many popular traditions relating to these hills, where so much of the world's history has been enacted, and is very generally believed by the peasantry about here.

"The story goes that Pontius Pilate being after his condemnation of Christ banished from his country came, after long years of wandering, to this mountain, and finally drowned himself in the lake which lies at its summit."

As Saint Armand spoke I had drawn near to listen to his words; but seeing Harry, who had been talking with some acquaintances from the Schweizerhof, at which hotel we were staying in Lucerne, now coming toward us I hurried to meet him, and, slipping my hand through his arm, said, as we turned and made our way together to the stern of the boat:

"So that's your idol, is it, Harry? Why, I thought he was young. But he has any quantity of gray hairs, and I don't believe he is a day under 40."

"Suppose he isn't; that's no such great age!" retorted my brother, who was my senior by three years. "And it certainly has not prevented his being tremendously good to me. He has asked me over and over again to dine with him, and has been quite regularly to the studio to see me; and I can tell you, Kitty, when one arrives in a strange town without knowing a soul, one appreciates that sort of thing."

"But he says he has traveled so much. Where has he been?"

"Oh, everywhere. He is just back now from Egypt and the Holy Land, but besides that he has been in pretty nearly every part of the world. He has told me no end of things about India, Australia, Siberia, and—bah! what an inquisitive little party you are. Ask him, if you want to know anything more."

"Now, don't be cross; but how do you suppose he happens to speak English so well?"

But at that moment the bell clamored loudly to announce that we were nearing the landing, and in the rush and hurry that ensued my question remained unanswered.

What a careless, lazy, utterly delightful life we led that Summer at Lucerne, and as now—upon looking back—I think of the thunder-cloud that was slowly making ready to burst with such tremendous force upon us, I can only wonder that we could ever have been so light hearted.

Our mornings were spent either in rowing idly upon the lake, in strolling about the town, or in sauntering to and fro on the promenade listening to the music, and each day it became more evident that Saint Armand, who invariably accompanied us, was fallling more and more deeply in love with Margaret.

He was a strange man—very silent, yet capable, when he chose, of becoming a most interesting and charming companion. That he was regarded in no favorable light by the majority of Summer visitors was probably due to a certain lofty, exquisitely well-bred manner he had of warding off any undue attempt at acquaintanceship, and I am sure he thought us—Harry and I—perfect savages, because of the indiscriminate manner in which he would enter into conversation with anyone who seemed disposed to be agreeable.

Well, there are some people in this world who can never see the amusing side of any question, and I always consider they are greatly to be pitied. As, for example, Saint Armand, who flew into such a rage one day when we were breakfasting with a large party at the Rigi-Scheideck, because an old Englishman—who, I must acknowledge, was far from steady on his pins—got up, and after requesting permission to propose a toast, gave utterance, with a maudlin glance at Margaret, to the following remarkable ejaculation: "Oh, Dam!"—(*Aux Dames.*)

Even my cousin could not keep her countenance, and as for me—I could not help it—I fairly shrieked!

Ah, me! I wonder whether anyone else in all this wide world has so badly regulated a brain as I? And how it is that, in the midst of the saddest and most distressing memories, any episode so frivolous can possibly recur to my mind?

I had settled myself comfortably one afternoon in a retired corner of the reading-room, fully prepared for a thorough enjoyment of a delightful novel that had just appeared, when Madame de Villeneuve—a French lady who had arrived a few days before, and with whom I had already had several conversations—came into the room, and taking her place at one of the many little tables, opened a small buvard she carried, and commenced a letter. Hardly had her pen given a dozen strokes when Saint Armand looked in at the door, but finding the person of whom he was—evidently—in search not present, he was about turning away when Madame de Villeneuve said, with a short laugh:

"Eh bien, Comte! Is your mind so full of la belle Americaine you can no longer recognize your old friend?"

To say that Saint Armand looked bored would convey a feeble idea of the expression that crossed his face, but he had nevertheless started forward with some words of apology on his lips, when Margaret, lovely as a vision, in the coolest of white Summer gowns, appeared at the doorway.

One instant Saint Armand paused, irresolute, then, turning shortly on his heel, he hastened to meet my cousin, and together they crossed the great square hall and passed out into the brilliant sunshine beyond.

With a half laugh and a shrug of her shoulders Madame de Villeneuve turned again to her letter, and all would have been well had not I, in seeking to change my position, let fall my book, which clattered down upon the marble steps with a degree of noisy rustle I should never have imagined it capable of making.

A moment later, in answer to my companion's startled exclamation, I had emerged from my corner, and dropping into an easy-chair beside her, inquired, without any prelude whatever:

"Have you known Monsieur de Saint Armand a long time, Madame?"

Now if she had said that I was an impudent child, and sent me about my business, I should have had but what I richly deserved; but instead of that, laying down her pen, she answered, very quietly:

"Yes, Petite! I have known him for more than 20 years, though of late I have seen but little of him."

"Was he always as quiet and shy of making friends as he seems now to be?"

"Eh, mon enfant! You observe much in your tranquil corner there! Know, then, that when I first met Philippe de Saint Armand there was no young man in Paris more repandu, or more eagerly sought after than he. 'Il faisait la pluie et le beau temps,' as we say. But his Uncle's sudden and awful death changed his character entirely. Since then he has never been the same."

But four words had caught my attention, and I was sitting very straight, looking with eyes wide stretched in horror at my informant.

"Sudden and awful death! Why, how did his Uncle die?"

"Ah! it is a long story, little one! He was murdered in his park quite near his chateau in Touraine, by—it is generally supposed—a game-keeper, whom he had dismissed a short time before; but as nothing could be proved against the man, he was, of course, not punished. Philippe was in Paris at the time. There had been some great ball the night before, at which he had been present, and during which he had invited several friends to dine with him the following evening; and it was only upon arriving at his house that the guests heard of the death of the old Count and of Philippe's illness. He had taken a severe cold at the ball, which, followed by the shock of his Uncle's violent death, had brought on a low fever that kept him in bed for six weeks and more.

"During that time every endeavor was made to catch the assassin, the police being constantly spurred on to fresh efforts by a low kind of woman, who suddenly appeared on the scene, claiming that she was the affianced bride of the old Count, to whom she was to have been married within a few days. However, as she had no legal proofs to make good her story, she soon disappeared from the horizon, though I did hear afterwards that Philippe had settled upon her a handsome sum; which was most generous of him, as she had certainly no possible right to anything of the sort. But, mon enfant, I weary you. Such stories are not for those young ears!"

And notwithstanding all my entreaties, not another word could I get from Madame de Villeneuve on the subject.

By the 5th of September we were settled—Margaret and I—in one of the most fascinating of the many attractive old chateaux in the environs of Tours; while mother, who had taken us there, had, after a stay of 24 hours, returned to Paris, there to assist in the fitting up of Harry's bachelor quarters, a task which she refused to believe could be accomplished without the aid of a woman's critical eye.

Before leaving Lucerne Saint Armand had told the cara madre of his love for Margaret, but had heard that no decision of such importance as the bestowal of my cousin's pretty hand could be reached until Madame de Flavelles had been seen and consulted with, and it had been agreed that nothing should be said upon the subject until certain affairs which demanded his immediate presence in Paris had been arranged and Saint Armand should be able to join us in Touraine and plead his cause in person. Indeed, his appearance there could not well astonish anyone, for his country-place—that where his uncle's death had occurred—which was but an hour's drive from the Chateau de Flavelles, stood sadly in need of a master's care.

I think until our coming abroad in the Spring, Madame de Flavelles had looked forward with something very akin to dread to the arrival of her American great-niece; for with such disfavor had Mrs. Temple's marriage been looked upon by the different members of her family that from the moment of his wife's death my uncle had ceased all relations with them.

But no sooner had she seen Margaret—with whom, ever since receiving the letter, mother had felt in duty bound to write, and which informed her of the fact of her niece's having been left an orphan, she had kept up a rather intermittent correspondence—than she frankly declared herself vanquished, and after all her kindness to Harry—an amende honorable for the past—we could not well refuse when she begged us so sweetly and earnestly to spend the Autumn months with her. I must say I always stood rather in awe of the stately old dame, whose soft, white hair rolled high from her smooth forehead, and long blue eyes with the proud light in them, gave her at times a strange resemblance to the fair young creature in powdered hair and rose-colored satin gown, whose portrait hung in one of the panels of the Louis Seize drawing-room, and whose head had fallen during the days of that terrible September of 1792.

We were a merry party at the chateau de Flavelles that Autumn, and should have been perfectly happy if—ah! how much lies in that little word—it had not been for the presence there of a certain fair-haired, pale-eyed youth, a distant cousin of the Flavelles,